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# THE COMICALL HISTORIE OF

Alphonfus, *King of Aragon.*

*As it hath bene sundrie times Acted.*

Made by R. G.



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# The Comicall Historie of

*Alphonfus, King of Arragon.*

*Act. I.*

*After you haue sounded thrise, let Venus be let downe from the  
top of the Stage, and when she is downe, say.*

**P**Oets are scarce when Goddesses themselues  
Are forst to leaue their high and stately seates  
Placed on the top of high *Olympus* Mount,  
To seeke them out, to pen their Champions praise.  
The time hath bene when *Homers* sugred Muse,  
Did make each *Eccho* to repeate his verse,  
That euery coward that durst crack a speare,  
And Tilt and Turney for his Ladies sake,  
Was painted out in colours of such price  
As might become the proudest Potentate.  
But now a dayes so yrksome Idels flights,  
And cursed charmes haue witch'd each students mind,  
That death it is to any of them all,  
If that their hands to penning you do call:  
Oh *Virgil, Virgil*, wert thou now aliue,  
Whose painfull pen in stout *Augustus* dayes,  
Did daigne to let the base and silly flea  
To scape away without thy praise of her.  
I do not doubt but long or ere this time,  
*Alphonfus* fame vnto the heauen's should clime:  
*Alphonfus* fame that man of *Ioue* his seed,  
Sprung from the loines of the immortall Gods,

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Whose fire although he habit on the earth,  
May claime a portion in the fierie Pole,  
As well as any one what ere he be.  
But setting by *Alphonfus* power diuine,  
What man aliue or now amongst the ghaasts  
Could counteruaile his courage and his strength?  
But thou art dead, yea *Virgil* thou art gon:  
And all his acts drownd in obliuion.  
And all his acts drownd in obliuion?  
No *Venus* no, though Poets proue vnkind,  
And loth to stand in penning of his deeds,  
Yet rather then they shail be cleane forgot,  
I which was wont to follow *Cupids* games  
Will put in vre *Mineruaes* sacred Art,  
And this my hand which vsed for to pen  
The praise of loue, and *Cupids* peerles power,  
Will now begin to treat of bloudie *Mars*,  
Of doughtie deeds and valiant victories.

*Enter Melpomine, Clio, Errato, with their sisters, playing all vpon sundrie Instruments, Calliope onely excepted, who comming last, hangeth downe the head, and plaies not of her Instrument.*

But see whereas the stately *Muses* come,  
Whose harmony doth very far surpasse  
The heavenly musick of *Appolloes* pipe.  
But what meanes this *Melpomine* her selfe  
With all her sisters sound their Instruments,  
Onely excepted faire *Calliope*?  
Who comming last & hanging downe her head,  
Doth plainly shewe by outward actions  
What secret sorrow doth torment her heart.

*Stands a side.*

*Melpomine*



*of Alphonsus.*

*Mel.* *Calliope* thou which so oft didst crake,  
How that such clients clustred to thy Court  
By thick and threefold, as not any one  
Of all thy sisters might compare with thee:  
Where be thy schollers now become I trow?  
Where are they vanisht in such suddain sort,  
That while as we do play vpon our strings,  
You stand still lazing, and haue nought to do?

*Clio.* *Melpomine* make you a why of that?  
I know full oft you haue Authors red,  
The higher tree the sooner is his fall,  
And they which first do flourish and beare sway,  
Vpon the sudden vanish cleane away.

*Cal.* Mocke on apace, my backe is broad enough  
To beare yout flouts as many as they be.  
That yeare is rare, that nere feeles winters stormes  
That tree is fertile which nere wanteth frute.  
And that same Muse hath heaped well in store  
Which neuer wanteth clients at her doore.  
But yet my sisters, when the surgent seas  
Haue ebde their fill, their waues do rise againe  
And fill their bankes vp to the very brimmes:  
And when my pipe hath easd her selfe a while,  
Such store of suters shall my seate frequent,  
That you shall see my schollers be not spent.

*Errato.* Spent (quoth you) sister, then we were too blame  
If we should say your schollers all were spent:  
But pray now tell me when your painfull pen  
will rest enough?

*Mel.* When husbandmen sheere hogs.

*Ven.* *Melpomine*, *Errato* and the rest,  
From thickest shrubs dame *Venus* did espie  
The mortall hatred which you ioyntly beare  
Vnto your sister high *Calliope*.  
What do you thinke if that the tree do bend,

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It followes therefore that it needs must breake  
And since her pipe a litle while doth rest,  
It neuer shall be able for to sound?

Yes *Muses* yes, if that she wil vouchsafe  
To entertaine Dame *Venus* in her schoole,  
And further me with her instructions,  
She shall haue schollers which wil daine to be  
In any other *Muses* companie.

*Calliope*. Most sacred *Venus* do you doubt of that?  
*Calliope* would thinke her three times blest,  
For to receiue a Goddess in her schoole,  
Especially so high an one as you,  
Which rules the earth, and guides the heauens too.

*Ven*. Then sound your pipes, and let vs bend our  
Vnto the top of high *Parnassus* hill, (steps  
And there together do our best deuoyr  
For to describe *Alphonsus* warlike fame:  
And in the maner of a Comedie,  
Set downe his noble valour presently.

*Callis*. As *Venus* wils, so bids *Calliope*.

*Melpo*. And as you bid your sisters do agree.

*Exeunt*.

Enter *Clarinus* the Father, and *Alphonsus* his sonne.

*Carinus*. My noble sonne, since first I did recount  
The noble acts your predecessors did  
In *Aragon*, against their warlike foes,  
I neuer yet could see thee ioy at all,  
But hanging downe thy head as malcontent:  
Thy youthfull dayes in mourning haue bene spent.  
Tell me *Alphonsus* what might be the cause  
That makes thee thus to pine away with care?  
Hath old *Carinus* done thee any offence  
In reckning vp these stories vnto thee?

What



*of Alphonsus.*

What nere a word but mumme? *Alphonsus* speake,  
Vnles your Fathers fatall day you seeke.

*Alphon.* Although deare father I haue often vowde  
Nere to vnfold the secrets of my heart  
To any man or woman, who some ere  
Dwels vnderneath the circle of the skie:  
Yet do your words so coniure me deare fire,  
That needs I must fulfil that you require.  
Then so it is, amongst the famous tales  
Which you rehearst done by our fires in warre,  
When as you came vnto your fathers daies,  
With sobbing notes, with sighs & blubbring teares,  
And much ado, at length you thus began.  
Next to *Alphonsus* should my father come,  
For to possesse the Diadem by right  
Of *Aragon*, but that the wicked wretch  
His yonger brother, with aspiring mind,  
By secret treason robd him of his life,  
And me his sonne, of that which was my due.  
These words my fire, did so torment my mind,  
As had I bene with *Ixion* in hell,  
The rauening bird could neuer plague me worse:  
For euer since my mind hath troubled bene  
Which way I might reuenge this traiterous fact,  
And that recouer which is ours by right.

*Cari.* Ah my *Alphonsus* neuer thinke on that,  
In vaine it is to strive against the streame,  
The Crowne is lost, and now in hucksters hands,  
And all our hope is cast into the dust:  
Bridle these thoughts, and learne the same of me,  
A quiet life doth passe an Emperie.

*Alphon.* Yet noble father, ere *Carinus* brood  
Shall brooke his foe for to vsurpe his seate,  
Heele die the death with honour in the field,  
And so his life and sorrowes briefly end.

B

But

## The Comickall Historie

But did I know my froward fate were such,  
As I should faile in this my iust attempt:  
This sword deare father should the Author be,  
To make an end of this my Tragedie.  
Therefore sweet fire, remaine you here a while,  
And let me walke my Fortune for to trie:  
I do not doubt but ere the time be long,  
Ile quite his cost, or else my selfe will die.

*Cari.* My noble sonne, since that thy mind is such  
For to reuenge thy fathers foule abuse,  
As that my words may not a whit preuaile  
To stay thy iourney, go with happie fate,  
And soone returne vnto thy fathers Cell,  
With such a traine as *Iulius Caesar* came  
To noble *Rome*, when as he had atchiu'd  
The mightie Monarch of the triple world,  
Meane time *Carinus* in this sillie groue  
Will spend his daies with praier and horizons,  
To mightie *Ioue*, to further thine intent:  
Farewell deare sonne *Alphonfus*, fare you well.

*Exit.*

*Alphon.* And is he gone? then hie *Alphonfus* hie,  
To trie thy fortune where thy fates do call:  
A noble mind disdaines to hide his head,  
And let his foes triumph in his ouerthrow.

*Enter Albinus.*

*Alphonfus* make as though thou goest out,

*Albinus* say thus.

*Albi.* What loytring fellow haue we spied here?  
Presume not villaine further for to go,  
Vnles you do at length the same repent.

*Alphonfus* comes towards *Albinus*.

*Alphon.* Villain saist thou, nay villain in thy throat:  
What knowst thou skipinck whom thou villain calst?

*Albi.* A common vassall I doe villaine call.

*Alphon.*



*of Alphonfus.*

*Alphon.* That shalt thou soone approoue perswade thy self,  
Or else ile die, or thou shalt die for me.

*Albi.* What do I dreame, or do my dazeling eies  
Deceiue me? Ist *Alphonfus* that I see?  
Doth now *Medea* vse her wonted charmes  
For to delude *Albinus* fantasie?  
Or doth black *Pluto* king of darke *Auerne*,  
Seeke to flout me with his counterfaine?  
His bodie like to *Alphonfus* framed is:  
His face resembles much *Alphonfus* hewe:  
His noble mind declares him for no les.

Tis he indeed, wo worth *Albinus*,  
Whose babling tong hath causde his owne annoy.  
Why doth not *Ioue* send from the glittering skies  
His Thunderbolts to chastice this offence?  
Why doth dame *Terra* cease with greedie iawes  
To swallow vp *Albinus* presently?  
What shall I flie and hide my trayterous head,  
From stout *Alphonfus* whom I so misusde?  
Or shall I yeeld? Eush yeelding is in vaine:  
Nor can I flie, but he will follow me.  
Then cast thy selfe downe at his graces feete,  
Confesse thy fault, and readie make thy brest,  
To entertaine thy well deserued death.

*Albinus kneeles downe.*

*Alph.* What newes my friend? why are you so blanke  
That earst before did vaunt it to the skies?

*Albi.* Pardon deare Lord, *Albinus* pardon craues  
For this offence, which by the heauens I vowe,  
Vnwisittly I did vnto your grace.  
For had I knowne *Alphonfus* had bene here,  
Ere that my tongue had spake so trayterously,  
This hand should make my very soule to die.

*Alphon.* Rise vp my friend, thy pardon soon is got:  
But prithie tell me what the cause might be,  
That in such sort thou erst vpbraidest me?

*Albinus rises vp.*



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*Albi.* Most mightie Prince, since first your fathers fire  
Did yeeld his ghost vnto the sisters three,  
And olde *Carinus* forced was to flie,  
His natie soyle, and royall Diadem,  
I for because I seemed to complaine  
Against their treason, shortly was forewarnd,  
Nere more to haunt the bounds of *Aragon*,  
On paine of death, then like a man forlorne  
I sought about to find some resting place,  
And at the length did happe vpon this shore  
Where shewing forth my cruell banishment,  
By King *Belinus* I am succoured.  
But now my Lord to answere your demaund,  
It happens so, that the vsurping King  
Of *Aragon*, makes warre vpon this land,  
For certaine tribute which he claymeth heere,  
Wherefore *Belinus* sent me round about  
His Countrey for to gather vp men,  
For to withstand this most iniurious foe,  
Which being done, returning with the king,  
Dispightfully I did so taunt your grace,  
Imagining you had some souldier bene,  
The which for feare had sneaked from the Campe.

*Alphon.* Inough *Albinus*, I do know thy mind:  
But may it be, that these thy happie newes,  
Should be of truth, or haue you forged them?

*Albi.* The gods forbid that ere *Albinus* tongue  
Should once be found to forge a fayned tale,  
Especially vnto his soueraigne Lord:  
But if *Alphonfus* thinke that I do faine,  
Stay here a while, and you shall plainly see,  
My words be true, when as you do perceiue  
Our royall armie march before your face,  
The which ift please my Noble Lord to stay,  
Ile hasten on with all the speed I may.

*Alphon.*



of *Alphonfus*.

*Alphon.* Make haste *Albinus*, if you loue my life,  
But yet beware when as your Armie comes,  
You do not make as though you do me know,  
For I a while a souldier base will be,  
Vntill I finde time more conuenient  
To shew *Albinus*, what is mine intent.

*Albi.* What ere *Alphonfus* fittest doth esteeme,  
*Albinus* for his profit best will deeme. *Exit.*

*Alphon.* Now do I see both Gods and fortune to  
Do ioyne their powers to raise *Alphonfus* fame:  
For in this broyle I do not greatly doubt,  
But that I shall my Couzens courage tame.  
But see whereas *Belinus* Armie comes,  
And he himselfe vnlesse I gesse awrie:  
Who ere it be I do not passe a pinne,  
*Alphonfus* meanes his souldier for to be.

*Enter Belinus King of Naples, Albinus, Fabius, marching with  
their souldiers.*

*Bel.* Thus farre my Lords wee trained haue our Campe,  
For to encounter haughtie *Arragon*,  
Who with a mightie power of stragling mates,  
Hath trayterously assayled this our land,  
And burning Townes and sacking Cities faire,  
Doth play the diuell where some ere he comes.  
Now as we are informed by our scoutes,  
He marcheth on vnto our cheefest seate,  
*Naples* I meane, that Citie of renowne,  
For to begirt it with his bands about:  
And so at length, the which high *Ioue* forbid,  
To sacke the same as earst he other did.  
If which should happen, *Belinus* were vndone,  
His countrey spoyld, and all his subiect slaine:  
Wherefore your soueraigne thinketh it most meet,



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For to prevent the furie of the foe,  
And *Naples* succour, that distressed Towne,  
By entring in, ere *Aragon* doth come,  
With all our men, which will sufficient be,  
For to withstand their cruell batterie.

*Albi.* The fillie serpent found by Country swaine,  
And cut in peeces by his furious blowes,  
Yet if his head do scape away vntoucht,  
As many write, it very stranglye goes,  
To fetch an herbe, with which in litle time,  
Her battered corpes againe she doth conioyne:  
But if by chance the ploughmans sturdie staffe,  
Do happe to hit vpon the Serpents head,  
And bruse the same, though all the rest be found,  
Yet doth the fillie serpent lie for dead:  
Nor can the rest of all her body serue,  
To finde a salue which may her life preferue.  
Euen so my Lord, if *Naples* once be lost,  
Which is the head of all your graces land,  
Easie it were, for the malicious foe,  
To get the other Cities in their hand:  
But if from them, that *Naples* Towne be free,  
I do not doubt, but safe the rest shall bee.  
And therefore mightie King, I thinke it best,  
To succour *Naples*, rather then the rest.

*Beli.* Tis brauely spoken, by my Crowne I sweare,  
I like thy counsell and will follow it.

*Point toward Alphonsus.*

But harke *Albinus*, dost thou know the man,  
That doth so closely ouerthwart vs stand?

*Albi.* Not I my Lord nor neuer saw him yet.

*Beli.* Then prithie goe, and aske him presently,  
What countrey man he is, and why he comes

Into



*of Alphonsus.*

Into this place, perhaps he is some one,  
That is sent hither as a secret spie,  
To heare and see in secret what we do.

*Albinus and Fabius go toward Alphonsus.*

*Albi.* My friend, what art thou, that so like a spie,  
Dost sneake about Belinus royall Campe?

*Alphon.* I am a man.

*Fabi.* A man? we know the same:  
But prithee tell me, and set scoffing by,  
What country man thou art, and why you come,  
That we may soone resolue the King thereof?

*Alphon.* Why say, I am a souldier.

*Fabi.* Of whose band?

*Alphon.* Of his that will most wages to me giue.

*Fabi.* But will you be content to serue Belinus in his warse?

*Alphon.* I if he will reward me as I do deserue,  
And grant what ere I winne, it shall be mine incontinent.

*Albi.* Beleeue me sir, your seruice costly is:  
But stay a while, and I will bring you word,  
What King Belinus sayes vnto the same.

*Albinus go towards Alphonsus.*

*Beli.* What newes Albinus, who is that we see?

*Albi.* It is my Lord, a souldier that you see,  
Who faine would serue your grace in these your warres,  
But that I feare, his seruice is too deare.

*Beli.* Too deare, why so? what doth the souldier craue?

*Albi.* He craues my Lord, all things that with his sword  
He doth obtaine what euer that they be.

*Beli.* Content my friend, if thou wilt succour me,  
What ere you get, that challenge as thine owne,  
Belinus giues it franckly vnto thee:

Although it be the Crowne of *Aragon*.

Come on therefore, and let vs hie apace,  
To *Naples Towne*, whereas by this I know,

One

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Our foes haue pitcht their tents against our walles.  
March on my Lord, for I will follow you,  
And do not doubt but ere the time be long,  
I shall obtaine the Crowne of *Aragon*.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Belinus, Albinus, Fabius, Alphonfus, with the souldier,  
a ssoone as they are in, strike vp alarum a while, and then enter  
Venus.*

Act. 2.

### *Of the Historie of Alphonfus.*

**V**<sup>s</sup>*enus.* Thus from the pit of pilgrimes pouertie,  
*Alphonfus* ginnes by step and step, to climbe  
Vnto the toppe of friendly Fortunes wheele,  
From banisht state as you haue plainly seene,  
He is transformed into a souldiers life,  
And marcheth in the Ensigne of the King,  
Of worthy *Naples*, which *Belinus* hight,  
Not for because that he doth loue him so,  
But that he may reuenge him on his foe.  
Now on the toppe of lustie barbed steed,  
He mounted is, in glittering Armour clad,  
Seeking about the troupes of *Aragon*,  
For to encounter with his traiterous Neece.  
How he doth speed, and what doth him befall,  
Marke this our Act, for it doth shew it all.

*Exit Venus.*

*Strike vp alarum. Enter Flaminius at one doore, Alphonfus  
at another, they fight, Alphonfus kill Flaminius, and  
say.*

*Alphon.* Go packe thou hence vnto the Stigian lake,  
And make report vnto thy trayterous sire,  
How well thou hast enioyed the Diadem,

Which



*of Alphonsus.*

Which he by treason set vpon thy head.  
And if he aske thee who did send thee downe,  
*Alphonsus* say, who now must weare thy crowne.

*Strike vp alarum. Enter Lælius, who seeing that his King is slaine,  
upbraides Alphonsus in this sort.*

*Lali.* Traytor, how dar'st thou looke me in the face,  
Whose mightie King thou trayterously hast slaine,  
What dost thou thinke *Flaminius* hath no friends,  
For to reuenge his death on thee againe?  
Yes be you sure, that ere you scape from hence,  
Thy gasping ghost shall beare him companie,  
Or else my selfe fighting for his defence,  
Will be content, by those thy hands to die.

*Alphon.* *Lalius*, fewe words would better thee become,  
Especially as now the case doth stand:  
And diddest thou know whom thou dost threaten thus,  
We should you haue more calmer out of hand.  
For *Lalius* know, that I *Alphonsus* am,  
The sonne and heire to olde *Carinus*, whom  
The trayterous father of *Flaminius*  
Did secretly bereaue of his *Diadem*.  
But see the iust reuenge of mightie *Ioue*,  
The father dead, the sonne is likewise slaine,  
By that mans hand who they did count as dead,  
Yet doth suruiue to weare the *Diadem*,  
When they themselues accompany the ghosts  
Which wander round about the *stygian* fieldes.

*Lælius gaze vpon Alphonsus.*

Muse not hereat, for it is true I say,  
I am *Alphonsus*, whom thou hast misus'de.

C

*Kneele*

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The man whose death I did so oft lament?

*Kneele downe.*

Then pardon me for these vncurtious words  
The which I in my rage did vtter forth,  
Prickt by the dutie of a loyall mind:  
Pardon Alphonfus this my first offence,  
And let me die if ere I flight againe.

*Alphon.* Lælius, I faine would pardon this offence,  
And eke accept thee to my grace againe:  
But that I feare that when I stand in need  
And want your helpe, you will your Lord betray:  
How say you Lælius may I trust to thee?

*Læli.* I noble Lord, by all the Gods I vowe,  
For first shall heauens want stars, and foming seas  
Want watry drops, before Ile traytor be,  
Vnto Alphonfus whom I honour so.

*Alphon.* Well then arise, and for because Ile trie  
If that thy words and deeds be both alike,  
Go haste and fetch the youthes of *Aragon*,  
Which now I heare haue turnd their heeles & fled.  
Tell them your chance, and bring them back again  
Into this wood, where in ambushment lie,  
Vntill I come or send for you my selfe.

*Læli.* I will my Lord.

*Exit Lælius.*

*Alphon.* Full litle thinks Belinus and his Peeres,  
What thoughts Alphonfus casteth in his mind,  
For if they did, they would not greatly haste  
To pay the same the which they promist me.

*Enter Belinus, Albinus, Fabius, with their  
souldiers, marching.*

*Bel.* Like simple sheep when shepheard absent is,

**Farre**



*of Alphonfus.*

Farre from his flock, assaild by greedie Wolfe,  
Do scattr'ing flie about, some here, some there,  
To keepe their bodies from their rauening iawes,  
So do the fearefull youths of *Aragon*  
Run round about the greene and pleasant plaines,  
And hide their heads from Neapolitans:  
Such terror haue their strong and sturdie blowes  
Strooke to their hearts, as for a world of gold  
I warrant you they will not come againe.  
But noble Lords, where is the knight become  
Which made the blood besprinkle all the place  
Whereas he did encounter with his foe?  
My friend Albinus know you where he is?

*Albi.* Not I my Lord, for since in thickest rankes  
I sawe him chase Flaminius at the heeles,  
I neuer yet could set mine eyes on him.

*Albinus spies out Alphonfus, and shewes him  
to Belinus.*

But see my Lord, whereas the warriour stands,  
Or else my sight doth faile me at this time.

*Bel.* Tis he indeed, who as I do suppose,  
Hath slaine the King, or else some other Lord:  
For well I wot, a carkas I do see  
Hard at his feete, lie strugling on the ground.

*Belinus and Albinus go towards Alphonfus.*

Come on Albinus, we will trie the truth.

*Belinus say to Alphonfus.*

Haile to the noble victor of our foes. (this,

*Alph.* Thanks mightie Prince, but yet I seek not  
It is not words must recompence my paine,

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But deeds, when first I tooke vp Armes for you,  
Your promise was, what ere my sword did winne  
In fight, as his, *Alphonfus* should it craue.

*Shewe Belinus Flaminus, who lyeth all this while dead at his  
feete.*

See then where lies thy foe *Flaminus*,  
Whose Crowne my sword hath conquered in the field:  
Therefore *Belinus* make no long delay,  
But that discharge, you promist for to pay.  
*Beli.* Wil nothing else satisfie thy conquering mind  
Besides the Crowne? well since thou hast it wonne,  
Thou shalt it haue, though farre against my will.

*Alphonfus sit in the Chaire, Belinus takes the Crowne off of Fla-  
minius head, and puts it on Alphonfus.*

Here doth *Belinus* Crowne thee with his hand,  
The King of *Aragon*, what are you please?

*Sound Trumpets and Drummes within.*

*Alphon.* Not so *Belinus*, till you promise me  
All things belonging to the royall Crowne  
Of *Aragon*, and make your Lordings sweare  
For to defend me to their vtmost power,  
Against all men that shall gainsay the same.

*Beli.* Marke what belonged erst vnto the Crowne  
Of *Aragon*, that challenge as thine owne,  
*Belinus* giues it franckly vnto thee:  
And sweare by all the powers of glittering skies,  
To do my best for to maintaine the same:  
So that it be not preiudiciall  
Vnto mine honour, or my Countrey soyle.

*Albinus*



of *Alphonfus*.

*Albi.* And by the sacred seate of mightie *Ioue*,  
*Albinus* sweares, that first heele die the death,  
Before heele see *Alphonfus* suffer wrong.

*Fabi.* What erst *Albinus* vowd we ioyntly vow.

*Alphon.* Thanks mightie Lords, but yet I greatly feare,  
That very fewe will keepe the oathes they sweare,  
But what *Belinus*, why stand you so long,  
And cease from offering homage vnto me?  
What know you not that I thy soueraigne am,  
Crowned by thee and all thy other Lords,  
And now confirmed by your solemne oathes?  
Feed not thy selfe with fond perswasions,  
But presently come yeeld thy Crowne to me,  
And do me homage, or by heauens I sweare,  
Ile force thee do it maugre all thy traine.

*Bel.* How now base brat, what are thy wits thine owne,  
That thou darest thus abraide me in my land?  
Tis best for thee these speeches to recall,  
Or else by *Ioue* ile make thee to repent  
That ere thou settest thy foote in *Naples* soyle.

*Alph.* Base brat sayest thou, as good a man as thou.  
But say I came but of a base descent,  
My deeds shall make my glory for to shine,  
As cleare as *Luna* in a winters night.  
But for because thou braggest so of thy birth,  
Ile see how it shall profit thee anon.

*Fabi.* *Alphonfus* cease from these thy threatening  
And lay aside this thy presumptuous mind, (words,  
Or else be sure, thou shalt the same repent.

*Alphon.* How now sir boy wil you be prating too?  
Tis best for thee to hold thy tatling tongue,  
Vnlesse I send some one to scourge thy breech:  
Why then I see, tis time to looke about,  
When euery boy *Alphonfus* dares controll:  
But be they sure, ere *Phæbus* golden beames



## *The Comical Historie*

Haue compassed the circle of the skie,  
Ile clog their tooongs, since nothing else will serue  
To keep those vilde and threatning speeches in,  
Farwell Belinus, loke thou to thy selfe:  
Alphonfus meanes to haue thy Crowne ere night.

*Exit Alphonfus.*

*Beli.* What is he gone, the diuel break his necke,  
The fiends of hell torment his traiterous corpes:  
Is this the quittance of Belinus grace,  
Which he did shewe vnto that thankles wretch?  
That runnagate, that rachel, yea that theefe,  
For well I wot he hath robd me of a Crowne.  
If euer he had sprung from gentle blood,  
He would not thus misuse his fauourer.

*Albi.* That runnagate, that rachel, yea that theefe?  
Stay their sir King, your mouth runnes ouer much,  
It ill becomes the subiect for to vse  
Such trayterous termes against his soueraigne.  
Know thou Belinus, that Carinus sonne,  
Is neither rachel nor runnagate,  
But be thou sure, that ere the darksome night  
Do driue God *Phabus* to his *Thetis* lap,  
Both thou and all the rest of this thy traine,  
Shall well repent the words which you haue saine.

*Beli.* What traiterous villain dost thou threaten  
Lay hold on him, and see he do not scape, (me?)  
Ile teach the slaue to know to whom he speakes.  
To thee I speake, and to thy fellowes all:  
And though as now you haue me in your power,  
Yet doubt I not but that in litle space,  
These eyes shall see thy treason recompensd:  
And then I meane to vaunt of our victorie.

*Beli.* Nay proud Albinus, neuer build on that,

For



*of Alphonsus.*

For though the Gods do chance for to appoyne  
Alphonsus victor of *Belinus* land,  
Yet shalt thou neuer liue to see that day,  
And therefore *Fabius* stand not lingring,  
But presently slash off his trayterous head.

*Albi.* Slash off his head, as though *Albinus* head  
Were then so easie to be slashed off.

In faith sir no, when you are gone and dead,  
I hope to flourish like the pleasant spring. (doubt,

*Bel.* Why how now *Fabius*, what do you stand in  
To do the deed? what feare you? who dares seeke  
For to reuenge his death on thee againe,  
Since that *Belinus* did commaund it so?  
Or are you waxt so daintie, that you dare  
Not vse your sword for staining of your hands?  
If it be so, then let me see thy sword,  
And I will be his butcher for this time.

*Fabius giue Belinus thy sword drawne, Belinus say as follow-  
eth.*

Now sir *Albinus*, are you of the minde  
That erst you were? what do you looke to see  
And triumph in *Belinus* ouerthrow?  
I hope the very sight of this my blade,  
Hath chaungde your minde into an other tune.

*Albi.* Not so *Belinus*, I am constant still,  
My minde is like to the *Abeston* stone,  
Which if it once be heat in flames of fire,  
Deineth to becommen colde againe.  
Euen so am I, and shall be till I die,  
And though I should see *Attropos* appeare,  
With knife in hand, so slit my thread in twaine,  
Yet nere *Albinus* should perswaded be,  
But that *Belinus* he should vanquish see.

Nay



## The Comickall Historie

*Bel.* Nay then *Albinus*, since that words are vaine  
For to perswade you from this heresie :  
This sword shall sure put you out of doubt.

*Belinus offers to strike off Albinus head. strike vp alarum, enter Alphonsus and his men, flie Belinus and Fabius, follow Alphonsus, and Albinus. Enter Lælius, Milos, and his seruants.*

*Leli.* My noble Lords of *Aragon*, I know  
You wonder much what might the occasion be,  
That *Lelius* which earst did flie the field,  
Doth egge you forwards now vnto the warres,  
But when you heare my reason, out of doubt  
Yowle be content with this my rash attempt.  
When first our King, *Flaminus* I do meane,  
Did set vpon the Neapolitans,  
The worst of you did know and plainly see,  
How farre they were vnable to withstand  
The mightie forces of our royall Campe,  
Vntill such time as froward fates we thought,  
Although the fates ordaind it for our gaine,  
Did send a straunger stout, whose sturdie blowes  
And force alone, did cause our ouerthrow.  
But to our purpose, this same martiall knight  
Did hap to hit vpon *Flaminus*,  
And lent our King then such a friendly blow,  
As that his gasping ghost to Lymbo went:  
Which when I sawe, and seeking to reuenge,  
My noble Lords, did hap on such a prize:  
As neuer King nor *Keisar* got the like.

*Ms. Lelius*, of force we must confesse to thee,  
We wondred all, when as you did perswade  
Vs to returne vnto the warres againe,  
But since our maruell is increased much

By



*of Alphonsus.*

By these your words, which sound of happinesse,  
Therefore good Lælius make no tarrying,  
But soone vnfolde thy happie chaunce to vs.

*Læ.* Then friends and fellow souldiers, hark to me.  
When Lælius thought for to reuenge his king,  
On that same knight, in steed of mortall foe,  
I found him for to be our cheefest friend.

*Mi.* Our cheefest friend, I hardly can belecue,  
That he which made such bloudie massacres  
Of stout Italians, can in any poynt  
Beare friendship to the countrey or the King.

*Læ.* As for your king *Miles*, I hold with you,  
He beare no friendship to *Flaminius*,  
But hated him as bloudie *Attropos*,  
But for your countrey, Lælius doth auowe,  
He loues as well as any other land :  
Yea sure he loues it best of all the world :  
And for because, you shall not thinke that I  
Do say the same without a reason why,  
Know that the knight *Alphonsus* hath to name,  
Both sonne and heire to olde *Carinus*, whom  
*Flaminius* sire bereaued of his Crowne :  
Who did not seeke the ruine of our host,  
For any enuie he did beare to vs,  
But to reuenge him on his mortall foe,  
Which by the helpe of high celestiall *Ioue*,  
He hath atchieu'd with honour in the field.

*Mi.* *Alphonsus* man, ile nere perswaded be,  
That ere *Alphonsus* may suruiue againe,  
Who with *Carinus* many yeares agoe,  
Was said to wander in the stigious fieldes.

*Læ.* Truth Noble *Miles*, these mine cares haue  
For certaintie reported vnto me, heard,  
That olde *Carinus* with his peerlesse sonne,  
Had felt the sharpnesse of the sisters sheeres,

D

And



## The Comickall Historie

And had I not of late *Alphonfus* seene  
In good estate, though all the world should say  
He is aliue, I would not credit them:  
But fellow souldiers wend you backe with me,  
And let vs lurke within the secret shade,  
Which he himselfe appointed vnto vs:  
And if you find my words to be vntroth,  
Then let me die to recompence the wrong.

*Strike up alarum, Enter Albinus with his sword drawne, and say,*

*Albi.* Lælius make haste, souldiers of *Aragon*,  
Set lingring by, and come and helpe your King,  
I meane *Alphonfus*, who whilest that he did  
Pursue *Belinus* at the very heeles,  
Was suddenly enuironed about,  
With all the troupes of mightie *Millain* land.

*Al.* What newes is this, and is it very so?  
Is our *Alphonfus* yet in humane state,  
Whom all the world did iudge for to be dead.  
Yet can I scarce giue credit to the same.  
Giue credit, yes, and since the *Millain* Duke,  
Hath broke his league of friendship, be he sure,  
Ere *Cynthia*, the shining lampe of night,  
Doth scale the heauens with her horned head,  
Both he and his shall very plainly see,  
The league is burst, that caused long the glee.

*La.* And could the traytor harbor in his brest  
Such mortall treason gainst his soueraigne,  
As when he should with fire and sword defend  
Him from his foes, he seekes his ouerthrow?  
March on my friends, I nere shall ioy at all,  
Vntill I see that bloudie traytors fall.

*Exeunt.*

*Strike up alarum, flie Belinus, follow Lælius: flie Fabius, follow  
Albinus: flie the Duke of Millaine, follow Miles.*

*Act.*



of *Alphonfus*.

Act. 3.

*Strike up alarum, Enter Venus.*

**N**O sooner did *Alphonfus* with his troupe,  
Set on the souldiers of *Belinus* band,  
But that the furie of his sturdie blowes,  
Did strike such terror to their daunted mindes,  
That glad was he which could escape away,  
With life and limme, forth of that bloudie fray.  
*Belinus* flies vnto the Turkish soyle,  
To craue the aide of *Amuracke* their King:  
Vnto the which he willingly did consent,  
And sends *Belinus* with two other Kings,  
To know god *Mahomet*s pleasure in the same:  
Meane time the Empresse by *Medeas* helpe,  
Did vse such charmes, that *Amuracke* did see  
In soundest sleepe, what afterward should hap:  
How *Amuracke* did recompence her paine,  
With mickle more, this Act shall shew you plaine.

*Exit Venus.*

*Enter one, carrying two Crownes upon a Crest, Alphonfus, Albinus, Lælius and Miles, with their souldiers.*

*Alph.* Welcome braue youtnes of *Aragon* to me,  
Yea welcome *Miles*, *Lælius* and the rest,  
Whose prowesse alone hath bene the onely cause,  
That we like victors haue subdued our foes.  
Lord what a pleasure was it to my minde,  
To see *Belinus*, which not long before,  
Did with his threatnings terrefie the Gods,  
Now scudde apace, from warlike *Lælius* blowes:  
The Duke of *Millaine* he increast our sport,  
When doubting that his force was ouerweake,

*The Comickall Historie*

For to withstand Miles, thy sturdie arme  
Did giue more credence to his frisking skippes  
Then to the sharpnesse of his cutting blade,  
What *Fabius* did to pleasure vs withall,  
Albinus knowes as well as I my selfe:  
For well I wot, if that thy tyred steed  
Had bene as fresh and swift in foote as his,  
He should haue felt, yea knowne for certaintie,  
To checke *Alphonfus*, did deserue to die.

Breefly my friends and fellow peeres in armes,  
The worst of you doo deserue such mickle praise,  
As that my tongue denies for to set forth  
The demie parcell of your valiant deeds,  
So that perforce, I must by dutie be  
Bound to you all, for this your curtesie.

*Mi.* Not so my Lord, for if our willing armes  
Haue pleased you so much, as you do say,  
We haue done nought but that becommeth vs:  
For to defend our mightie soueraigne.  
As for my part, I count my labour small,  
Yea though it had bene twise as much againe,  
Since that *Alphonfus* doth accept thereof.

*Alphon.* Thankes worthie Miles, least all the world  
Should count *Alphonfus* thanklesse for to be,  
*Lælius* sit downe, and Miles sit by him,  
And that receiue, the which your swords haue wonne.

*Sit downe Lælius and Miles.*

First, for because thou *Lælius* in these broyles,  
By martiall might, didst proude *Belinus* chase,  
From troupe to troupe, from side to side about,  
And neuer ceast from this thy swift pursute,  
Vntill thou hadst obtained his royall Crowne,  
Therefore I say, ile do thee nought but right,  
And giue thee that which thou well hast wonne,



*of Alphonsus.*

*Set the Crowne on his head.*

Here doth Alphonsus Crowne thee Lælius, King  
Of Naples Towne, with all dominions  
That earst belonged to our trayterous foe,  
That proud Belinus in his regiment.

*Sound Trumpets and Drummes.*

Miles, thy share the Millaine Dukedome is,  
For well I wot thy sword deseru'd no lesse.

*Set the Crowne on his head.*

The which Alphonsus frankly giueth thee,  
In presence of his warlike men at armes,  
And if that any stomacke this my deed,  
Alphonsus can reuenge thy wrong with speed.

*Sound Trumpets and Drummes.*

Now to Albinus which in all my toyles  
I haue both faithfull, yea and friendly found:  
Since that the Gods and friendly Fates assigne  
This present time to me to recompence,  
The sundry pleasures thou hast done to me,  
Sit downe by them, and on thy faithfull head

*Take the Crowne from thy owne head.*

Receiue the Crowne of peerlesse Aragon.

*Albi.* Pardon deare Lord Albinus at this time,  
It ill becomes me for to weare a Crowne,  
When as my Lord is destitute himselfe:  
Why high Alphonsus, if I should receiue  
This Crowne of you, the which high Ioue forbid,  
Where would your selfe obtaine a Diadem?  
Naples is gone, Millaine possessed is,  
And nought is left for you but Aragon.

*Alphon.* And nought is left for me but Aragon?  
Yes surely yes, my Fates haue so decreed,  
That Aragon should be too base a thing,  
For to obtaine Alphonsus for her King.  
What heare you not how that our scattered foes,



## *The Comickall Historie*

*Belinus, Fabius, and the Millaine Duke,*  
Are fled for succour to the Turkish Court?  
And thinke you not that *Amurack* their King,  
Will with the mightiest power of all his land,  
Seeke to reuenge *Belinus* ouerthrow?  
Then doubt I not but ere these broyles do end,  
*Alphonfus* shall possesse the Diadem  
That *Amurack* now weares vpon his head.  
Sit downe therefore and that receiue of mee:  
The which the Fates appointed ynto thee.

*Albi.* Thou king of heauen, which by thy power diuine,  
Dost see the secrets of each liuers heart,  
Beare record now with what vnwilling mind,  
I do receiue the Crowne of *Aragon*.

*Albinus sit downe by Lælius & Miles, Alphonfus*  
*set the Crowne on his head, and say.*

*Alphon.* Arise *Albinus* King of *Aragon*,  
Crowned by me, who till my gasping ghost  
Do part asunder from my breathlesse corpes,  
Will be thy shield against all men aliue:  
That for thy kingdome any way do striue.

*Sound Trumpets and Drumes.*

Now since we haue in such an happie houre  
Confirmed three kings, come let vs march with speed  
Into the Citie, for to celebrate  
With mirth and ioy, this blisfull festiuall.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Amurack the great Turke, Belinus, Fabius, Arcastus*  
*King of Moores, Claramount, King of Barberie. Baiazet*  
*a Lord, with their traine.*

*Amu.* Welcome *Belinus* to thy cosens Court,  
Whose late arriuall in such posting pace,

Doth



*of Alphonsus.*

Doth bring both ioy and sorrow to vs all:  
Sorrow because the Fates haue bene so false,  
To let *Alphonsus* driue thee from thy land:  
And ioy, since that now mightie *Mahomet*  
Hath giuen me cause to recompence at full,  
The sundry pleasures I receiu'd of thee.  
Therefore *Belinus* do but aske and haue:  
For *Amurack* doth grant what ere you craue.

*Bels.* Thou second sun which with thy glimfing beames  
Doeft clarifie each corner of the earth,  
*Belinus* comes not, as earst *Mydas* did,  
To mightie *Bacchus*, to desire of him,  
That what so ere at any time he toucht,  
Might turned be to gold incontinent.  
Nor do I come as *Iuppiter* did erst  
Vnto the Pallace of *Amphitrion*,  
For any fond or foule concupiscence,  
Which I do beare to *Alcumenaes* hew.  
But as poore *Saturne*, forst by mightie *Ioue*  
To flie his Countrey, banisht and forlorne,  
Did craue the aide of *Troos*, King of *Troy*.  
So comes *Belinus* to high *Amurack*.  
And if he can but once your aide obtaine,  
He turnes with speed to *Naples* backe againe.

*Amu.* My aide *Belinus*, do you doubt of that?  
If all the men at armes of *Affrica*,  
Of *Asia* likewise, will sufficient be,  
To presse the pompe of that vsurping mate;  
Assure thy selfe, thy kingdome shalbe thine,  
If *Mahomet* say I vnto the same:  
For were I sure to vanquish all our foes,  
And find such spoiles in ransacking their Tents,  
As neuer any *Keisar* did obtaine,  
Yet would I not set foote forth of this land:  
If *Mahomet* our iourney did withstand.

*Belinus.*



## *The Comickall Historie*

*Beli.* Nor would Belinus for King *Cresus* trash,  
Wish Amurack to displease the Gods;  
In pleasuring me in such a trifling toy.  
Then mightie Monarch, if it be thy will,  
Get their consents, and then the act fulfill.

*Amu.* You counsel well, therefore Belinus haste,  
And Claramount go beare him companie,  
With King Arcaustus, to the Citie walles.  
Then bend with speed vnto the darksome groue,  
Where Mahomet this many a hundred yeare  
Hath prophesied vnto our auncesters,  
Tell to his Priests, that Amurack your King  
Is now selecting all his men at armes,  
To set vpon that proud Alphonsus troupe.  
The cause you know, and can enforme him well,  
That makes me take these bloudie broyles in hand:  
And say that I desire their sacred God,  
That Mahomet which ruleth all the skies,  
To send me word and that most speedely,  
Which of vs shall obtaine the victory.

*Exeunt omnes, preter Baiazet and Amurack.*

You Baiazet go poste away apace,  
To *Siria*, *Scythia*, and *Albania*,  
To *Babylon*, with *Mesopotamia*,  
*Asia*, *Armenia*, and all other lands  
Which owe their homage to high Amurack.  
Charge all their Kings with expedition  
To gather vp the choefest men at armes  
Which now remaine in their dominions,  
And on the twentie day of the same month,  
To come and wait on Amurack their King,  
At his chiefe Citie *Constantinople*.  
Tell them moreouer, that who so doth faile,  
Nought else but death, from prison shall him baile.

*Exit Baiazet.*

*Assone*



*of Alphonfus.*

*As soone as he is gone, sound musicke within.*

What heauenly Musicke soundeth in my eare?  
Peace Amurack and hearken to the same.

*Sound musicke, hearken Amurack, and fall a sleepe.*

*Enter Medea, Fausta the Empresse, Iphigina  
her daughter.*

*Medea.* Now haue our charmes fulfilled our minds full well,  
High Amurack is lulled fast a sleepe,  
And doubt I not, but ere he wakes againe,  
You shall perceiue Medea did not gibe,  
When as she put this practise in your mind:  
Sit worthie Fausta at thy spowse his feete.

*Fausta and Iphigina, sit downe at Amuracks feete.*  
Iphigina, sit thou on the other side:  
What ere you see be not agast thereat,  
But beare in mind what Amurack doth chat.

*Medea do ceremonies belonging to coniuring,  
and say.*

Thou which wert wont in Agamemnons dayes  
To vtter forth *Apolloes* Oracles  
At sacred *Delphos*, *Calchas* I do meane,  
I charge thee come, all lingring set aside,  
Vnles the pennance you thereof abide.  
I coniure thee by *Plutoes* loathsome lake,  
By all the hags which harbour in the same,  
By stinking *Stix*, and filthie *Flegeton*,  
To come with speed, and truly to fulfill  
That which *Medea* to thee streight shal will.

E

*Rise*

## The Comica!l Historie

*Rise Calchas vp in a white Cirples and a Cardinals  
Myter, and say.*

**Cal.** Thou wretched witch, when wilt thou make an end  
Of troubling vs with these thy cursed Charmes?  
What meanst thou thus to call me from my graue?  
Shall nere my ghost obtaine his quiet rest?

**Me.** Yes *Calchas* yes, your rest doth now approch  
*Medea* meanes to trouble thee no more,  
When as thou hast fulfilled her mind this once.  
Go get thee hence to *Pluto* backe againe,  
And there enquire of the Destinies,  
How *Amurack* shall speed in these his warres:  
Peruse their bookes, and marke what is decreed  
By *Ioue* himselfe, and all his fellow Gods:  
And when thou knowst the certaintie thereof,  
By fleshlesse visions shewe it presently  
To *Amuracke*, in paine of penaltie.

**Cal.** Forst by thy charme though with vnwilling  
I hast to hell, the certaintie to finde. . . (minde:

*Calchas sinke downe where you came vp.*

**Me.** Now peerles Princes I must needs be gon,  
My hastie busnesse calls me from this place.  
There resteth nought, but that you beare in minde,  
What *Amuracke* in this his fit doth say.  
For marke what dreaming madam he doth prate:  
Assure your selfe, that that shalbe his fate.

**Fau.** Though very loth to let thee so depart,  
Farewell *Medea*, easer of my hart.

*Exit Medea.*

*Sound Instruments within, Amurack as it were in  
a dreame, say.*

**Amu.** What *Amurack* dost thou begin to nod?  
Is this the care that thou hast of thy warres?



*of Alphonsus.*

As when thou shouldst be prancing of thy steed,  
To egge thy souldiers forward in thy warres:  
Thou sittest moping by the fire side?  
See where thy Viceroyes grouell on the ground.  
Looke where *Belinus* breatheth forth his ghost.  
Behold by millions how thy men do fall  
Before *Alphonsus* like to sillie sheepe.  
And canst thou stand still lazing in this sort?  
No proud *Alphonsus*, *Amurack* doth flie  
To quail thy courage, and that speedilie.

*Sound Instruments a while within, and then  
Amuracke say.*

And doest thou think thou proud iniurious God,  
*Mahound* I meane, since thy vaine prophesies  
Led *Amurack* into this dolefull case,  
To haue his Princely feete in irons clapt,  
Which erst the proudest kings were fōst to kisse,  
That thou shalt scape vnpunisht for the same?  
No no, as soone as by the helpe of *Ioue*,  
I scape this bondage, downe go all thy groues.  
Thy alters tumble round about the streets.  
And whereas erst we sacrificde to thee:  
Now all the Turks thy mortall foes shall bee.

*Sound Instruments a while within,  
Amuracke say.*

Behold the Iemme and Iewel of mine age,  
See where she comes, whose heavenly maiestie  
Doth far surpass the braue and gorgeous pace  
Which *Cytherea* daughter vnto *Ioue*,  
Did put in yre when as she had obtaind  
The golden Apple at the shepheards hands.  
See worthe *Fausta* where *Alphonsus* stands,  
Whose valiant courage could not daunted be,

## The Comickall Historie

With all the men at armes of *Affrica*:  
See now he stands, as one that lately sawe  
*Medusæes* head, or *Gorgons* hoarie hue.

*Sound Instruments a while within, Amurack say:*  
And can it be that it may happen so?  
Can Fortune proue so friendly vnto me,  
As that *Alphonfus* loues *Iphigina*?  
The match is made, the wedding is decreed.  
Sound trumpets haw, strike drums for mirth & glee:  
And three times welcome sonne in lawe to mee.

*Fausta rise vp as it were in a furie, wake Amuracke  
and say.*

*Fau.* Fie *Amurack*, what wicked words be these?  
How canst thou looke thy *Fausta* in her face,  
Whom thou hast wronged in this shamefull sort?  
And are the vowes so solemnely you sware  
Vnto *Belinus* my most friendly necce,  
Now washt so clearly from thy traiterous heart?  
Is all the rancor which you earst did beare  
Vnto *Alphonfus*, worne so out of mind,  
As where thou shouldest pursue him to death,  
You seeke to giue our daughter to his hands?  
The Gods forbid that such a hainous deed,  
With my consent should euer be decreed.  
And rather then thou shouldst it bring to passe,  
If all the armie of *Amazones*  
Will be sufficient to withhold the same,  
Assure thy selfe that *Fausta* meanes to fight  
Against *Amuracke*, for to maintaine the right.  
*Iphi.* Yea mother, say, which *Mahomet* forbid,  
That in this conflict you should haue the foyle,  
Ere that *Alphonfus* should be cald my spowse,

This



*of Alphonfus.*

This heart, this hand, yea and this blade should be,  
A readier meanes to finish that decree.

*Amuracke rise in a rage from thy chaire.*

*Amu.* What threatning words thus thunder in mine eares?  
Or who are they amongst the mortall troupes,  
That dares presume to vse such threats to me?  
The proudest Kings and Keisers of the land  
Are glad to feed me in my fantasie:  
And shall I suffer then, each pratling dame  
For to vpbraide me in this spightfull sort?  
No by the heauens, first will I loose my Crowne,  
My wife, my children, yea my life and all:  
And therefore Fausta, thou which Amuracke  
Didst tender erst, as the apple of mine eye,  
Auoyd my Court, and if thou lou'st thy life,  
Approach not nigh vnto my regiment.  
As for this carping gyrl *Iphigina*,  
Take her with thee to beare thee company,  
And in my land, I need be seene no more,  
For if you do, you both shall die therefore.

*Exit Amuracke.*

*Fau.* Nay then I see, tis time to looke about,  
Delay is dangerous, and procureth harme,  
The wanton colt is tamed in his youth,  
Wounds must be cured when they be fresh and  
And plurifies when they begin to breed, (greene:  
With little ease are driuen away with speed.  
Had Fausta then when Amuracke begunne,  
With spightfull speeches to controll and checke,  
Sought to preuent it by her martiall force,  
This banishment had neuer hapt to me,  
But the Echinus fearing to be goard,  
Doth keepe her younglings in her paunch so long,  
Till when their prickles be waxen long and sharpe,  
They put their damme at length to double paine:  
And I because I loathed the broyles of Mars,



## *The Comical Historie*

Brid'ed my thoughts, and pressed downe my rage;  
In recompence of which my good intent,  
I haue receiu'd this wofull banishment.  
Wofull said I? nay happie I did meane,  
If that be happie, which doth set one free:  
For by this meanes, I do not doubt ere long,  
But *Fausta* shall with ease, reuenge her wrong.  
Come daughter come, my minde foretelleth me:  
That *Amuracke* shall soone requited be.

*Make as though you were a going out, Medea  
meete her and say.*

*Me.* *Fausta*, what meanes this sudden flight of yours?  
Why do you leaue your husbands princely Court,  
And all alone passe through these thickest groues,  
More fit to harbour brutish sauadge beasts,  
Then to receiue so high a Queene as you?  
Although your credit would not stay your steps,  
From bending them into these darkish denes,  
Yet should the daunger which is imminent,  
To euery one which passeth by these pathes,  
Keepe you at home with fayre *Iphigina*.  
What foolish toy hath tickled you to this?  
I greatly feare some hap hath hit amis.

*Fau.* No toy *Medea*, tickled *Faustaes* head,  
Nor foolish fancie ledde me to these groues,  
But earnest businesse egges my tremb'ing steps,  
To passe all dangers what so ere they be.  
I banisht am *Medea*, I which erst  
Was Empresse ouer all the triple world,  
Am banisht now from pallace and from pompe,  
But if the gods be fauourers to me,  
Ere twentie dayes, I will reuenged be.

*Me.* I thought as much, when first from thickest  
I saw you trudging in such posting pace. (leaues,  
But to the purpose, what may be the cause,

Of



of *Alphonfus*.

Of this strange and sudden banishment?

*Fau.* The cause aske you, a simple cause god wot:  
Twas neither treason, nor yet felonie,  
But for because I blamde his foolishnes.

*Me.* I heare you say so, but I greatly feare,  
Ere that your tale be brought vnto an end,  
Youle proue your selfe the author of the same:  
But pray be briefe, what follie did your spowse?  
And how will you reuenge your wrong on him?

*Fau.* What follie quoth you? such as neuer yet  
Was heard or seene, since *Phæbus* first gan shine,  
You know how he was gathering in all haste,  
His men at armes, to set vpon the troupe  
Of proude *Alphonfus*, yea you well do know,  
How you and I did do the best we could,  
To make him shew vs in his drowsie dreame,  
What afterward should happen in his warres:  
Much talke he had, which now I haue forgot.  
But at the length, this surely was decreed,  
How that *Alphonfus* and *Iphigina*  
Should be conioynd in *Iuno*s sacred rites,  
Which when I heard, as one that did despise,  
That such a traytor should be sonne to me,  
I did rebuke my husband *Amuracke*.

And since my words could take no better place,  
My sword with helpe of all *Amazones*,  
Shall make him soone repent his foolishnes.

*Me.* This is the cause then of your banishment,  
And now you goe vnto *Amazon*,  
To gather all your maydens in array,  
To set vpon the mightie *Amuracke*?  
Oh foolish Queene, what meant you by this talke?  
Those prattling speeches haue vndone you all.  
Do you disdain to haue that mightie Prince,  
I meane *Alphonfus*, counted for your sonne?

I tell



## The Comical Historie

I tell you *Fausta*, he is borne to be,  
The ruler of a mightie Monarchie:  
I must confesse the powers of *Amuracke*  
Be great, his confines stretch both far and neare,  
Yet are they not the third part of the lands,  
Which shall be ruled by *Alphonfus* hands,  
And yet you daine to call him sonne in law:  
But when you see his sharpe and cutting sword  
Piercing the heart of this your gallant gyrlle,  
Youle curse the houre wherein you did denay,  
To ioyne *Alphonfus* with *Iphigina*.

*Fau.* The gods forbid, that ere it happen so.

*Me.* Nay neuer pray, for it must happen so.

*Fau.* And is there then no remedie for it?

*Me.* No none but one, & that you haue forsworn,

*Fau.* As though an oath can bridle so my minde,  
As that I dare not breake a thousand oathes,  
For to eschew the danger imminent,  
Speake good *Medea*, tell that way to me,  
And I will do it, what so ere it be.

*Me.* Then as already you haue well decreed,  
Packer to your countrey, and in readinesse,  
Select the armie of *Amazones*, (troupe  
When you haue done, march with your female  
To *Naples* Towne, to succour *Amuracke*,  
And so by marriage of *Iphigina*,  
You soone shall drive the danger cleane away.

*Iphigi.* So shall we soone eschew *Caribdis* lake,  
And headlong fall to *Syllaes* greedie gulph,  
I vowd before, and now do vow againe:  
Before I wedde *Alphonfus*, Ile be slaine.

*Me.* In vaine it is, to striue against the streame,  
Fates must be followed, and the gods decree  
Must needs take place in euery kinde of cause.  
Therefore faire maide, bridle these brutish thoughts,

And



of *Alphonfus.*

And learne to follow what the fates asigne,  
When *Saturne* heard, that *Iuppiter* his sonne  
Should driue him headlong from his heavenly seat,  
Downe to the bottome of the darke *Auarne*,  
He did command his mother presently,  
To do to death, the young and guiltlesse childe:  
But what of that, the mother 'oathd in heart,  
For to commit so vile a massacre.

Yea *Ioue* did liue, and as the fates did say,  
From heavenly seate, draue *Saturne* cleane away.  
What did auaille the Castle all of Steele,  
The which *Acrisius* caused to be made,  
To keepe his daughter *Danae* clogged in?  
She was with childe for all her Castles force,  
And by that child, *Acrisius* her sire,  
Was after slaine, so did the fates require.

A thousand examples, I could bring hereof.  
But Marble stones needs no colouring,  
And that which euery one doth know for truth,  
Needs no examples to confirme the same.  
That which the fates appoint must happen so,  
Though heavenly *Ioue*, and all the Gods say no.

*Fau.* *Iphigina*, she sayth nought but truth,  
Fates must be followed in their iust decrees:  
And therefore setting all delayes aside,  
Come let vs wend vnto *Amazone*,  
And gather vp our forces out of hand.

*Iphi.* Since *Fausta* wils, and fates do so command,  
*Iphigina* will neuer it withstand.

*Exeunt omnes.*

Act. 3.

*Enter Venus.*

THus haue you seene, how *Amuracke* himselfe,  
*Fausta* his wife, and euery other King,

F

Which

## *The Comickall Historie*

Which holds their scepters at the Turke his hands,  
Are now in armes, intending to destroy  
And bring to nought, the Prince of *Aragon*.  
Charmes haue bene vsde by wise *Medeas* art,  
To know before what afterward shall hap,  
And King *Belinus* with high *Claramount*,  
Ioynd to *Alphonfus*, which with Princely pompe,  
Doth rule and gouerne all the warlike Moores,  
Are sent as Legats to god *Mahomet*,  
To know his counsell in these high affaires.  
*Mahound* prouokt by *Amurackes* discourse,  
Which as you heard, he in his dreame did vse,  
Denies to play the Prophet any more,  
But by the long intreatie of his Priests,  
He prophesies in such a craftie sort,  
As that the hearers needs must laugh for sport.  
Yet poore *Belinus* with his fellow Kings,  
Did giue such credence to that forged tale,  
As that they lost their dearest liues thereby,  
And *Amuracke* became a prisoner  
Vnto *Alphonfus*, as straight shall appeare.

*Exit Venus.*

*Let there be a brazen Head set in the middle of the place behind the  
Stage, out of the which, cast flames of fire, drums rumble within,  
Enter two Priests.*

*1. Pr.* My fellow Priests of *Mahounds* holy house,  
What can you iudge of these strange miracles,  
Which daily happen in this sacred seate?

*Drums rumble within.*

Marke what a rumbling rattleth in our eares.

*Cast flames of fire forth of the brazen Head.  
See flakes of fire proceeding from the mouth*

Of.



*of Alphonsus.*

Of *Mahomet*, that God of peereles power.  
Nor can I tell with all the wit I haue,  
What *Mahomet* by these his signes doth craue.

2. *Pr.* Thrise ten times *Phœbus* with his golden  
Hath compassed the circle of the skie, (beames,  
Thrise ten times *Ceres*, hath her workemen hir'd,  
And filld her barnes with frutesfull crops of corne,  
Since first in Priesthood I did lead my life:  
Yet in this time I neuer heard before,  
Such feareful sounds, nor saw such wondrous sights,  
Nor can I tell, with all the wit I haue,  
What *Mahomet* by these his signes doth craue.

*Speake out of the brazen Head.*

*Ma.* You cannot tell, nor will you seeke to know,  
Oh peruerse Priest, how carelesse are you waxt?  
As when my foes approach vnto my gates,  
You stand still talking of I cannot tell:  
Go packe you hence, and meete the Turkish kings,  
Which now are drawing to my Temple ward:  
Tell them from me, God *Mahomet* is dispos'd  
To prophesie no more to *Amuracke*,  
Since that his tongue is waxen now so free,  
As that it needs must chat and raile at me.

*Kneele downe both.*

1. *Pr.* Oh *Mahomet*, if all the solemne prayers  
Which from our childhood we haue offered thee,  
Can make thee call this sentence backe againe,  
Bring not thy Priest into this dangerous state:  
For when the Turke doth heare of this repulse,  
We shall be sure to die the death therefore.

*Ma.* Thou sayest truth, go call the Princes in,  
Ile prophesie vnto them for this once,  
But in such wise, as they shall neither boast,  
Nor you be hurt in any kinde of wise.



## *The Comickall Historie*

*Enter Belintus, Claramont, Arcaftus, go both the Priests to meet him: the first say.*

*1. Pr.* You Kings of *Turkie*, *Mahomet* our God,  
By sacred science, hauing notice that  
You were sent Legats from high *Amuracke*,  
Vnto this place, commaunded vs his Priests,  
That we should cause you make as mickle speed,  
As well you might, to heare for certaintie,  
Of that shall happen to your King and ye.

*Beli.* For that intent we came into this place,  
And sithens that, the mightie *Mahomet*  
Is now at leisure for to tell the same,  
Let vs make haste and take time while we may:  
For mickle daunger hapneth through delay.

*2. Pri.* Truth worthy king, and therefore you your selfe,  
With your companions, kneele before this place,  
And listen well what *Mahomet* doth say.

*Kneele all downe before the brasen Head.*

*Beli.* As you do will, we ioyntly will obey.

*Ma.* Princes of *Turkie*, and Embassadors  
Of *Amuracke*, to mightie *Mahomet*,  
I needs must muse, that you which erst haue bene  
The readiest souldiers of the triple world,  
Are now become so slacke in your affaires,  
As when you should with bloudie blade in hand,  
Be hacking he'mes in thickest of your foes,  
You stand still loytering in the *Turkish* soyle.  
What know you not, how that it is decreed,  
By all the gods, and chiefly by my selfe:  
That you with triumph should all Crowned bee:  
Make haste Kings, least when the fates do see,  
How carlesly you do neglect their words,

*They*



*of Alphonsus.*

They call a Counsell, and force *Mahomet*  
Against his will some other thing to set.  
Send *Fabius* backe to *Amuracke* againe,  
To haste him forwards in his enterprise:  
And march you on with all the troupes you haue,  
To *Naples* ward, to conquer *Aragon*.  
For if you stay, both you and all your men,  
Must needs be sent downe straight to *Lymbo den*.  
2. *Pri.* Muse not braue kings at *Mahomet's* discourse,  
For marke what he forth of that mouth doth say,  
Assure your selfe it needs must happen so.  
Therefore make hast, go mount you on your steeds,  
And set vpon *Alphonsus* presently.  
So shall you reape great honor for your paine:  
And scape the scourge, which els the Fates ordaine.

*Rise all vp.*

*Bel.* Then proud *Alphonsus*, looke thou to thy  
*Belinus* comes in glittering armor clad, (Crowne,  
All readie prest for to reuenge the wrong  
Which not long since, you offred vnto him.  
And since we haue God *Mahound* on our side:  
The victorie must needs to vs betide.

*Cla.* Worthie *Belinus*, set such threats away,  
And let vs haste as fast as horse can trot,  
To set vpon presumptuous *Aragon*.  
You *Fabius*, hast as *Mahound* did commaund,  
To *Amuracke*, with all the speed you may.

*Fabi.* With willing mind I hasten on my way.

*Exit Fabius.*

*Bel.* And thinking long till that we be in fight,  
*Belinus* hastes to quail *Alphonsus* might.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Strike up alarum awhile. Enter Carinus.*

*Cari.* No sooner had God *Phabus* brightsome beames



## *The Comickall Historie*

Begun to diue within the Westernne seas,  
And darksome *Nox* had spred about the earth  
Her blackish mantle, but a drowsie sleepe  
Did take possession of *Carinus* sence,  
And *Morpheus* shewd me strange disguised shapes.  
Me thought I saw *Alphonfus* my deare sonne,  
Plast in a throane all glittering cleare with gold,  
Bedeckt with diamonds, pearles & precious stones,  
Which shind so cleare, and glittered all so bright,  
*Hiperions* couch, that well be termed it might.  
Aboue his head a canapie was set,  
Not deckt with plumes as other Princes vse,  
But all beset with heads of conquered kings:  
Enstald with Crowns, which made a gallant shew,  
And strooke a terror to the viewers harts.  
Vnder his feete lay grouelling on the ground,  
Thousand of Princes, which he in his warres  
By martiall might did conquer and bring lowe.  
Some lay as dead as either stock or stone,  
Some other tumbled wounded to the death:  
But most of them as to their soueraigne king,  
Did offer duly homage vnto him.  
As thus I stood beholding of this pompe,  
Me thought *Alphonfus* did espie me out:  
And at a trice he leauing throane alone,  
Came to imbrace me in his blessed armes.  
Then noyse of drums, and sound of trumpets shrill,  
Did wake *Carinus* from this pleasant dreame.  
Something I know is now foreshewne by this:  
The Gods forfend that ought should hap amis.

*Carinus walke vp and downe. Enter the Duke of  
Millain in Pilgrims apparell, and say.*

*Du.* This is the chance of fickle Fortunes wheele  
A Prince at morne, a Pilgrim ere it be night:

*I which*



*of Alphonsus.*

I which erewhile did daine for to possesse,  
The proudest pallace of the westerne world,  
Would now be glad, a cottage for to finde,  
To hide my head, so Fortune hath assignde.  
Thrise *Hesperus* with pompe and peerelesse pride  
Hath heau'd his head forth of the Easterne seas:  
Thrise *Cynthia*, with *Phæbus* borrowed beames,  
Hath shewē her bewtie through the darkish cloudes,  
Since that I wretched *Dulce* haue tasted ought,  
Or drunke a drop of any kinde of drinke.  
In stead of beds set forth with lbonie,  
The greenish grasse hath bene my resting place,  
And for my pillow stuffed with downe,  
The hardish hillockes haue sufficed my turne.  
Thus I which erst had all things at my will,  
A life mo e hard then death do follow still.

*Ca.* Me thinks I heare, not very far from hence,  
Some wo full wight, lamenting his mischance:  
He go and see, if that I can espie  
Him where he sits, or overheare his talke.

*Du.* Oh *Millaine*, *Millaine*, litle dost thou thinke,  
How that thy Duke is now in such distresse,  
For if thou didst, I soone should be releast  
Forth of this greedie gulph of miserie.

*Ca.* The *Millaine* Duke, I thought as much before,  
When first I glaunst mine eyes vpon his face:  
This is the man which was the onely cause,  
That I was forst to flie from *Aragon*.  
High *Ioue* be prais'd, which hath allotted me  
So fit a time to quite that iniurie.  
Pilgrime God speed.

*Du.* Welcome graue sir to me.

*Cari.* Me thought as now I heard you for to speak  
Of *Millaine* land, pray do you know the same?  
I aged father, I haue cause to know,

Both



## *The Comical Historie*

Both *Millaine* land, and all the parts thereof.

*Cari.* Why then I doubt not but you can resolute  
Me of a question that I shall demaund.

*Duke.* I that I can, what euer that it be.

*Cari.* Then to be briefe, not twentie winters past  
When these my lims which withered are with age,  
Were in the prime and spring of all their youth,  
I still desirous as yoong gallants be,  
To see the fashions of *Arabia*,  
My native soyle, and in this pilgrims weed,  
Began to trauell through vnknown lands,  
Much ground I past, and many soyles I saw,  
But when my feete in *Millain* land I set,  
Such sumptuous triumphs daily there I saw,  
As neuer in my life I found the like.

I pray good sir, what might the occasion bee:  
That made the *Millains* make such mirth and glee?

*Duk.* This solemne ioy wherof you now do speak,  
Was not solemnized my friend in vaine.  
For at that time there came into the land,  
The happiest tidings that they ere did heare.  
For newes was brought vpon that solemne day,  
Vnto our Court, that *Ferdinandus* proud  
Was slaine himselfe, *Carinus* and his sonne  
Were banisht both for euer from *Aragon*:  
And for these happie newes that ioy was made.

*Cari.* But what I pray did afterward become,  
Of old *Carinus* with his banisht sonne?  
What heare you nothing of them all this while?

*Du.* Yes too too much, the *Millain* Duke may say.  
*Alphonfus* first by secret meanes did get  
To be a souldier in *Belinus* warres:  
Wherein he did behaue himselfe so well,  
As that he got the Crowne of *Aragon*.  
Which being got, he dispossessed also,

The



*of Alphonsus.*

The King *Belinus* which had fostered him:  
As for *Carinus* he is dead and gone,  
I would his sonne were his companion.

*Cari.* A blister build vpon that traytors tongue,  
But for thy friendship which thou shewedst me,  
Take that of me, I frankly giue it thee.

*Stab him.*

Now will I haste to *Naples* with all speed,  
To see if *Fortune* will so fauour me,  
To view *Alphonsus* in his happie state.

*Exit Carinus.*

*Enter Amuracke, Crocon King of Arabia, Faustus, King of Babylon, Fabius, with the Turkes Ganefaries.*

*Amu.* *Fabius* come hither, what is that thou sayest?  
What did god *Mahound* prophecie to vs?  
Why do our Viceroyes wend vnto the warres,  
Before their king had notice of the same?  
What do they thinke to play bob foole with me?  
Or are they waxt so frolicke now of late,  
Since that they had the leading of our bands,  
As that they thinke that mightie *Amuracke*  
Dares do no other then to soothe them vp?  
Why speakest thou not? what fond or franticke fit  
Did make those carelesse Kings to venture it?

*Fa.* Pardon deare Lord, no franticke fit at all,  
No frolicke vaine, nor no presumptuous mind,  
Did make your Viceroyes take these wars in hand.  
But forst they were by *Mahounds* prophecie,  
To do the same, or else resolute to die.

*Amu.* So sir, I heare you, but can scarce beleue  
That *Mahomet* would charge them go before  
Against *Alphonsus* with so small a troupe,  
Whose number farre exceeds king *Xerxes* troupe,

*Fa.* Yes Noble Lord, and more then that hee said,

G

That

## *The Comicall Historie*

That ere that you with these your warlike men,  
Should come to bring your succour to the field:  
*Belinus, Claramount, and Arcaſtus* too,  
Should al be crownd with crownes of beaten gold,  
And borne with triumphes round about their tēts.

*Amu.* With triumph man, did *Mabound* tell them soe  
Prouost go carrie *Fabius* presently,  
Vnto the Marshalſie, there let him rest,  
Clapt sure and safe in fetters all of Steele,  
Till *Amuracke* discharge him from the same.  
For be he sure, vnles it happen so  
As he did say, *Mabound* did prophesie,  
By this my hand, forthwith the slaue shall die.

*Lay hold of Fabius, and make as though you carrie him out, Enter  
a souldier and say.*

*Mess.* Stay Prouost stay, let *Fabius* alone,  
More fitteth now, that euery lustie lad  
Be buckling on his helmet, then to stand  
In carrying souldiers to the Marshalſie.

*Amu.* Why what art thou,  
That darrest once presume,  
For to gainsay that *Amuracke* did bid?

*Messen.* I am my Lord,  
The wretcheds man aliue:  
Borne vnderneath the Planet of mishap:  
Erewhile, a souldier of *Belinus* band  
But now.

*Amu.* What now?

*Mess.* The mirror of mishap:

Whose



*of Alphonsus.*

Whose Captaine is slaine, and all his armie dead:  
Onely excepted me vnhappy wretch.

*Amu.* What newes is this, and is *Belinus* slaine?  
Is this the Crowne which *Mahomet* did say,  
He should with triumph weare vpon his head?  
Is this the honour which that cursed god  
Did prophesie, should hapen to them all?  
Oh *Dadalus*, and wert thou now aliue,  
To fasten wings vpon high *Amuracke*,  
*Mahound* should know, and that for certaintie,  
That turkish Kings can brooke no iniurie.

*Fabi.* Tush tush my Lord,  
I wonder what you meane,  
Thus to exclaime against high *Mahomet*:  
Ile lay my life, that ere this day be past,  
You shall perceiue, his tidings all be waste.

*Amu.* We shall perceiue, accursed *Fabi*,  
Suffice it not that thou hast bene the man,  
That first didst beate those bables in my braine,  
But that to helpe me forward in my greefe,  
Thou seekest to confirme so fowle a lie.

*Stab him.*

Go get thee hence, and tell thy trayterous King  
What gift you had, which did such tidings bring.  
And now my Lords, since nothing else will serue,  
Buckle your helmes, clap on your steeled coates,  
Mount on your steeds, take Launces in your hands,  
For *Amuracke* doth meane this very day,  
Proude *Mahomet* with weapons to assay.

*Messen.* Mercie high Monarch, tis no time now  
To spend the day in such vaine threatnings,  
Against our god, the mightie *Mahomet*:

## *The Comickall Historie*

More fitteth thee to place thy men at armes  
In battle ray, for to withstand your foes,  
Which now are drawing towards you with speed.

*Sound drummes within.*

Hark how their drummes with dub a dub do come,  
To armes high Lord, and set these trifles by :  
That you may set vpon them valiantly.

*Amu.* And do they come you kings of *Turkie*?  
Now is the time, in which your warlike armes  
Must raise your names about the starrie skies :  
Call to your minde, your predecessors acts,  
Whose martiall might, this many a hundred yeare,  
Did keepe those fearefull dogs in dread and awe,  
And let your weapons shew *Alphonſus* plaine,  
That though that they be clapped vp in clay,  
Yet there be branches sprung vp from those trees,  
In Turkish land, which brooke no iniuries.  
Besides the same, remember with your selues,  
What foes we haue, not mightie *Tamberlaine*,  
Nor souldiers trained vp amongst the warres,  
But fearefull bodies, pickt from their rurall flocke,  
Which till this time were wholly ignorant  
What weapons ment, or bloudie *Mars* doth craue.  
More would I say, but horses that be free,  
Do need no spurs: and souldiers which themſelues  
Long and desire to buckle with the foe,  
Do need no words to egge them to the same.

*Enter Alphonſus, with a Canapie carried ouer him by three  
Lords, hauing ouer each corner a Kings head, crowned with  
him, Albinus, Lælius, Miles, with Crownes on their heads,  
and their souldiers.*

Besides the same, behold whereas our foes  
Are marching towards vs most speedilie.

Courage



*of Alphonsus.*

Courage my Lords, ours is the victorie.

*Alph.* Thou Pagan dog how darst thou be so bold  
To set thy foote within *Alphonsus* land?  
What art thou come to view thy wretched kings,  
Whose traiterous heads bedeckt my tents so well?  
Or else thou hearing that on top thereof,  
There is a place left vacant, art thou come  
To haue thy head possesse the highest seate?  
If it be so, lie downe, and this my sword  
Shall presently that honor thee affoord.  
If not, pack hence, or by the heauens I vow,  
Both thou and thine shall verie soone perceiue,  
That he that seekes to moue my patience,  
Must yeeld his life to thee for recompence.

*Amur.* Why proud *Alphonsus*, thinkst thou *Amurack*  
Whose mightie force doth terrefie the Gods,  
Can ere be found to turne his beeles and flie  
Away for feare, from such a boy as thou?  
No no, although that *Mars* this mickle while  
Hath fortified thy weake and feeble arme,  
And Fortune oft hath viewd with friendly face,  
Thy armies marching victors from the field,  
Yet at the presence of high *Amuracke*,  
Fortune shall change, and *Mars* that God of might  
Shall succour me, and leave *Alphonsus* quight.

*Alphon.* Pagan I say, thou greatly art deceiu'd,  
I clap vp Fortune in a cage of gold,  
To make her turne her wheele as I thinke best.  
And as for *Mars* whom you do say will change,  
He moping sits behind the kitchen doore,  
Prest at commaund of eugry Skulhians mouth  
Who dares not stir, nor once to moue a whit  
For feare *Alphonsus* then should stomach it.

*Amur.* Blasphemous dog, I wonder that the earth  
Doth cease from renting vnderneath thy feete,



## The Comickall Historie

To swallow vp those cankered corpes of thine.  
I muse that *Ioue* can bridle so his ire,  
As when he heares his brother so misusde,  
He can refraine from sending thunderbolts  
By thick and threefold to reuenge his wrong.  
*Mars* fight for me, and Fortune be my guide:  
And ile be victor what some ere betide.

*Albi.* Pray loud enough, lest that you pray in vain,  
Perhaps God *Mars* and Fortune is a sleepe,  
And *Mars* lies slumbring on his downie bed:  
Yet do not think but that the power we haue,  
Without the helpe of those celestiaall Gods,  
Will be sufficient, yea with small ado,  
*Alphonfus* stragling armie to subdue.

*Le.* You had need as then to call for *Mahomet*,  
With hellish hags to performe the same.

*Fau.* High *Amurack* I wonder what you meane  
That when you may with litle toyle or none,  
Compell these dogs to keepe their tooongs in peace:  
You let them stand still barking in this sort:  
Beleeue me soueraigne, I do blush to see  
These beggers brats to chat so frolikelie.

*Alphon.* How now sir boy, let *Amurack* himselte  
Or any he, the proudest of you all,  
But offer once for to vn sheath his sword  
If that he dares, for all the power you haue.

*Amu.* What darst thou vs? my selfe wil venter it.  
To armes my mates.

*Amuracke draw thy sword. Alphonfus and all the other kings  
draw theirs, strike up alarum, flee Amuracke and his com-  
panie. Follow Alphonfus and his companie.*

Act. 5.



*of Alphonsus.*

*Act. 5.*

*Strike up Alarum. Enter Venus.*

**F**earce is the fight, and bloudie is the broyle,  
No sooner had the roaring cannon shot  
Spit forth the venome of their fiered panch,  
And with their pellets sent such troupes of soules  
Downe to the bottome of the darke *Auerne*,  
As that it couered all the stigious fields.  
But on a sudden, all the men at armes  
Which mounted were on lustie coursers backes,  
Did rush together with so great a noyse,  
As that I thought the giants one time more  
Did scale the heauens, as erst they did before.  
Long time dame Fortune tempred so her wheele,  
As that there was no vantage to be scene  
On any side, but equall was the gaine.  
But at the length so God and Fates decreed,  
*Alphonsus* was the victor of the field:  
And *Amuracke* became his prisoner.  
Who so remaind, vntill his daughter came:  
And by her marying, did his pardon frame.

*Exit Venus.*

*Strike up alarum, flie Amuracke, follow Alphonsus, and take him prisoner: carrie him in. Strike up alarum, flie Ciocon and Faustus. Enter Fausta and Iphigina with their armie, and meete them, and say.*

**Fau.** You Turkish kings, what sudden flight is this?  
What meanes the men which for their valiant prowes  
Were dreaded erst, cleane through the triple world,  
Thus cowardly to turne their backes and flie?

What

## *The Comickall Historie*

What froward fortune hapned on your sides  
I hope your king in safetie doth abide?

*Cro.* I noble madam, *Amurack* doth liue:  
And long I hope he shall enioy his life.  
But yet I feare, vnles more succour come,  
We shall both loose our king and soueraigne.

*Fau.* How so king *Crocon*, dost thou speak in iest?  
To proue if *Fausta* would lament his death?  
Or else hath any thing hapt him amis?  
Speake quickly *Crocon* what the cause might be,  
That thou dost vtter forth these words to me?

*Cro.* Then worthie *Fausta* know, that *Amuracke*  
Our mightie king, and your approued spowse,  
Prickt with desire of euerlasting fame,  
As he was pressing in the thickest rankes  
Of Aragonians, was with much adoo  
At length tooke prisoner, by *Alphonfus* hands.  
So that vnles you succour soone do bring,  
You loose your spowse, and we shall want our king.

*Iphi.* Oh haples hap, oh dire and cruell fate!  
What iniurie hath *Amuracke* my fire  
Done to the Gods, which now I know are wrath?  
Although vniustly and without a cause.  
For well I wot, not any other king  
Which now doth liue, or since the world begun  
Did sway a scepter, had a greater care  
To please the Gods, then mightie *Amuracke*.  
And for to quite our fathers great good will,  
Seeke they thus basely all his fame to spill.

*Fau.* *Iphigina*, leaue off these wofull tunes,  
It is not words can cure and ease this wound:  
But warlike swords, not teares, but sturdie speares:  
High *Amuracke* is prisoner to our foes.  
What then? thinke you that our *Amazones*  
Ioynd with the forces of the Turkish troupe,

Are



*of Alphonsus.*

Are not sufficient for to set him free?  
Yes daughter yes, I meane not for to sleepe,  
Vntill he is free, or we him company keepe.  
March on my mates.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Strike up alarum, flie Alphonsus, follow Iphigina  
and say.*

*Iphi.* How now *Alphonsus*, you which neuer yet  
Could meete your equall in the feates of armes,  
How haps it now that in such sudden sort  
You flie the presence of a fillie maide?  
What haue you found mine arme of such a force,  
As that you thinke your bodie ouerweake  
For to withstand the furie of my blowes?  
Or do you else disdaine to fight with me:  
For staining of your high nobilitie?

*Alp.* No daintie dame, I wold not haue thee think  
That euer thou or any other wight,  
Shall liue to see *Alphonsus* flie the field  
From any king or *Keisar* who some ere,  
First will I die in thickest of my fo,  
Before I will disbase mine honour so.  
Nor do I scorne thou goddess for to staine  
My prowes with thee, although it be a shame  
For knights to combat with the female sect.  
But loue sweete mouse hath so benumbd my wit,  
That though I would, I must refraine from it.

*Iphi.* I thought as much when first I came to wars,  
Your noble acts were fitter to be writ  
Within the Tables of dame *Venus* sun,  
Then in God *Mars* his warlike registers.  
When as your Lords are hacking helmes abroad,  
And make their speares to shiuer in the aire,  
Your mind is busied in fond *Cupids* toyes.

H

Come

## The Comickall Historie

Come on I faith, ile teach you for to know  
We came to fight, and not to loue I trow.

*Alph.* Nay virgin stay, and if thou wilt vouchsafe  
To entertaine *Alphonfus* simple sute,  
Thou shalt ere long be Monarch of the world:  
All christned kings, with all your Pagan dogs  
Shall bend their knees vnto *Iphigina*.  
The Indian soyle shalbe thine at command,  
Where euey step thou settest on the ground,  
Shall be receiued on the golden mines:  
Rich *Pactolus* that riuer of account,  
Which doth descend from top of *Tinole* mount,  
Shall be thine owne, and all the world beside:  
If you will graunt to be *Alphonfus* bride,

*Iphi.* *Alphonfus* bride? nay villain do not thinke  
That fame or riches can so rule my thoughts,  
As for to make me loue and fancie him  
Whom I do hate, and in such sort despise,  
As if my death could bring to passe his baine:  
I would not long from *Plutoes* port remaine.

*Alph.* Nay then proud peacock since thou art so stout,  
As that intreatie will not moue thy minde  
For to consent to be my wedded spowse,  
Thou shalt in spite of Gods and Fortune too,  
Serue high *Alphonfus* as a concubine.

*Iphi.* Ile rather die then euer that shall hap.

*Alphon.* And thou shalt die vnles it come to pas.

*Alphonfus and Iphigina fight, Iphigina flie, follow Alphon-*  
*sus. Strike vp alarum. Enter Alphonfus with his rapier,*  
*Albinus, Lælius, Miles, with their souldiers. Amurack,*  
*Fausta, Iphigina, Crocon and Faustus all bounde with*  
*their bands behind them, Amuracke looke angerly on Fan-*  
*sta.*

*Enter*



of *Alphonfus*.

*Enter Medea, and say.*

*Med.* Nay *Amurack* this is no time to iarre,  
Although thy wife did in her franticke moode  
Vse speeches which might better haue bene sparde,  
Yet do thou not iudge the same time to be  
A season to requite that iniurie:  
More fitteth thee with all the wit thou hast,  
To call to mind which way thou maist release  
Thy selfe, thy wife, and faire *Iphigina*,  
Forth of the power of stout *Alphonfus* hands.  
For well I wot, since first you breathed breath,  
You neuer were so nie the snares of death.  
Now *Amurack*, your high and kingly seate,  
Your royall scepter, and your stately Crowne,  
Your mightie Countrey, and your men at armes,  
Be conquered all, and can no succour bring.  
Put then no trust in these same paltrie toys:  
But call to mind that thou a prisoner art:  
Clapt vp in chaines, whose life and deaths depends  
Vpon the hands of thy most mortall foe.  
Then take thou heed that what some ere he say,  
Thou dost not once presume for to gainsay.

*Amu.* Away you foole, thinke you your cursed charmes  
Can bridle so the mind of *Amuracke*,  
As that he will stand croaching to his foe?  
No no, be sure that if that beggers brat  
Do dare but once to contrary my will,  
Ile make him soone in heart for to repent,  
That ere such words gainst *Amuracke* he spent.

*Med.* Then since thou dost disdain my good aduise,  
Looke to thy selfe, and if you fare amis

## The Comicall Historie

Remember that *Medea* counsell gaue,  
Which might you safe from all those perils saue,  
But *Fausta* you, as well you haue begun,  
Beware you follow still your friends aduise.  
If that *Alphonſus* do desire of thee  
To haue your daughter for his wedded ſpouſe,  
Beware you do not once the ſame gainſay:  
Vnles with death he do your rashnes pay.

*Fau.* No worthie wight, firſt *Fausta* means to die,  
Before *Alphonſus* ſhe will contrarie.

*Med.* Why then farwell, but you *Iphigina*,  
Beware you do not ouerſqueamiſh wax,  
When as your mother giueth her conſent.

*Iphi.* The Gods forbid that ere I ſhould gainſay  
That which *Medea* bids me to obey.

*Exit Medea.*

*Riſe vp Alphonſus out of his chaire, who all this  
while hath bene talking to Albinus, and ſay.*

*Al.* Now *Amurack* the proud blaſphemous dogs  
(For ſo you termed vs) which did brall and raile  
Againſt God *Mars*, and fickle Fortunes wheele,  
Haue got the goale for all your ſolemne praiers:  
Your ſelſe are priſoner, which as then did thinke  
That all the forces of the triple world,  
Were inſufficient to fulfill the ſame.

How like you this? is Fortune of ſuch might,  
Or hath God *Mars* ſuch force or power diuine,  
As that he can with all the power he hath,  
Set thee and thine forth of *Alphonſus* hands?  
I do not thinke but that your hopes ſo ſmall,  
As that you would with verie willing mind,  
Yeeld for my ſpouſe the faire *Iphigina*,  
On that condition, that without delay,  
*Fausta* and you may ſcotfree ſcape away.

*Ann.* What thinkeſt thou vilain that high *Amurack*

Bears



*of Alphonsus.*

Bear's such a minde, as for the feare of death,  
Heele yeeld his daughter, yea his onely ioy,  
Into the hands of such a dunghill Knight

No traytor no, for as now I lie

Clapt vp in Irons, and with bolts of Steele:

Yet do there lurke within the Turkish soyle,

Such troupes of souldiers, that with small ado,

Theile set me scotfree from your men and you.

*Alp.* Villain sayest thou, traitor & dunghil knight,

Now by the heauens, since that thou dost denie,

For to fulfill that which in gentle wife

*Alphonsus* craues, both thou and all thy traine

Shall with your liues requite that iniurie.

*Albinus* lay holde of *Amuracke*,

And carrie him to prison presently,

There to remaine vntill I do returne

Into my tent, for by high *Ioue* I vowe,

Vnles he waxe more calmer out of hand,

His head amongst his fellow Kings shall stand.

*Albinus* carrie *Amuracke* forth, who as he is a going, must  
say.

*Amu.* No villaine, thinke not that the feare of death  
Shall make me calmer while I draw my breath.

*Alphor.* Now *Lelins*, take you *Iphigina*,  
Her mother *Fausta*, with these other Kings,  
And put them into prisons seuerally:  
For *Amuracke*'s stout stomacke shall vndo,  
Both he himselfe and all his other crew.

*Fausta* kneele downe.

*Fau.* Oh sacred Prince, if that the salt-brine teares,  
Distilling downe poore *Faustas* withered checkes,

*The Comickall Historie*

Can mollifie the hardnes of your heart.  
Lessen this iudgement, which thou in thy rage,  
Hast giuen on thy luckles prisoners.

*Alphon.* Woman away, my word is gone and past,  
Now if I would I cannot call it backe:  
You might haue yeelded at my first demaund,  
And then you need not to feare this hap.  
*Lelius* make haste, and go thou presently,  
For to fulfill that I commanded thee.

*Rise vp Fausta, kneele downe Iphigina, and say.*

*Iphi.* Mightie *Alphonfus*, since my mothers fute  
Is so reiected, that in any case  
You will not grant vs pardon for her sake,  
I now will trie, if that my wofull prayers  
May plead for pittie at your graces feete.  
When first you did amongst the thickest ranckes  
All clad in glittering armes encounter me:  
You know your selfe what loue you did protest,  
You then did beare vnto *Iphigina*,  
Then for that loue if any loue you had,  
Reuoke this sentence which is too too bad. (may,

*Alp.* No damsel damsel, he that will not when he  
When he desires, shall surely purchase nay.  
If that you had when first I profer made,  
Yeelded to me, marke what I promist you,  
I would haue done, but since you did denie,  
Looke for deniall at *Alphonfus* hands.

*Rise vp Iphigina, and stand aside, Alphonfus talke  
with Albinus. Enter Carinus in his Pilgrims  
clothes, and say.*

Oh



*of Alphonsus.*

Oh friendly *Fortune*, now thou shewest thy power,  
In raising vp my sonne from banisht state,  
Vnto the top of thy most mightie wheele:  
But what be these, which at his sacred feete  
Do seeme to pleade for mercie at his hands?  
Ile go and sift this matter to the full.

*Go toward Alphonsus and speake to one of his soldiers.*

Sir Knight, and may a Pilgrim be so bolde  
To put your person to such mickle paine,  
For to enforme me what great King is this,  
And what these be, which in such wofull sort,  
Do seeme to seeke for mercie at his hands?  
*Soul.* Pilgrim, the King that sits on stately throne,  
Is cald *Alphonsus*, and this matron hight,  
*Fausta* the wife to *Amuracke* the Turke:  
That is their daughter faire *Iphigina*:  
Both which together, with the Turke himselfe,  
He did take prisoners in a battle fought.

*Spie out Carinus and say.*

*Alph.* And can the gods be found so kind to me,  
As that *Carinus* now I do espie:  
Tis he indeed, come on *Albinus*,  
The mightie conquest which I haue atchieu'd  
And victories the which I oft haue haue wonne,  
Bring not such pleasure to *Alphonsus* hart,  
As now my fathers presence doth impart.

*Alphonsus*

## The Comickall Historie

*Alphonfus and Albinus go toward Carinus, Alphonfus stand  
looking on Carinus, Carinus say.*

*Cari.* What nere a word *Alphonfus*, art thou dumb?  
Or doth my presence so perturb thy minde,  
That for because I come in Pilgrims weed,  
You thinke each word which you do spend to me  
A great disgrace vnto your name to be?  
Why speakest thou not? if that my place you craue,  
I will be gone and you my place shall haue.

*Alph.* Nay father stay, the Gods of heauen forbid,  
That ere *Alphonfus* should desire or wish  
To haue his absence whom he doth account  
To be the Loadstone of his life.

What though the fates and fortune both in one,  
Haue bene content to call your louing sonne,  
From beggers state, vnto this princely seate,  
Should I therefore disdain my aged fire?  
No first both Crowne and life I will detest,  
Before such venome breed within my brest.  
What erst I did, the sudden ioy I tooke,  
To see *Carinus* in such happie state,  
Did make me do, and nothing else at all,  
High Ioue himselfe do I to witnes call.

*Cari.* These words are vaine, I knew as much before:  
But yet *Alphonfus* I must wonder needs,  
That you whose yeares are proue to *Cupids* snares,  
Can suffer such a Goddess as this dame,  
Thus for to shed such store of Christall teares.  
Beleeue me sonne, although my yeares be spent,  
Her sighes and sobs in twaine my heart do rent.

*Alph.* Like power deare father had she ouer me,  
Vntill for loue, I looking to receiue  
Loue backe againe, not onely was denied,  
But also taunted in most spightfull sort:

Which



of *Alphonfus*.

Which made me loathe that which I erst did loue,  
As she her selfe, with all her friends shall proue.

*Cari.* How now *Alphonfus*, you which haue so long  
Bene trained vp in bloudie broyles of *Mars*,  
What know you not, that Castles are not wonne  
At first assault, and women are not wooed  
When first their futers profer loue to them:  
As for my part, I should account that maide  
A wanton wench, vnconstant lewde and light,  
That yeelds the field, before she venture fight,  
Especially vnto her mortall foe,

As you were then vnto *Iphigina*.  
But for because I see you fitter are  
To enter Lists and combat with your foes,  
Then court faire Ladies in Gods *Cupids* tents,  
*Carinus* meanes, your spokesman for to bee,  
And if that she consent, you shall agree.

*Alphon.* What you commaund,  
*Alphonfus* must not flie:  
Though otherwise perhaps he would denie. (teares,

*Cari.* Then daintie damsell stint these trickling  
Cease sighes and sobs, yea make a merrie cheare,  
Your pardon is already purchased:

So that you be not ouer curious  
In granting to *Alphonfus* iust demand.

*Iphi.* Thankes mightie Prince, no curioser ile bee,  
Then doth become a maide of my degree.

*Cari.* The Gods forbid that ere *Carinus* tongue  
Should go about to make a mayd consent  
Vnto the thing which modestie denies:  
That which I aske, is neither hurt to thee,  
Danger to parents, nor disgrace to friends,  
But good and honest, and will profit bring,  
To thee and those which leane vnto that thing.

## The Comickall Historie

And that is this, since first *Alphonſus* eyes,  
Did hap to glaunce vpon your heauenly hew,  
And ſaw the rare perfection of the ſame,  
He hath deſired to become your ſpouſe.  
Now if you will vnto the ſame agree,  
I dare aſſure you, that you ſhall be free.

*Iph.* Pardon deare Lord, the world goes very hard,  
When women kinde are forced for to wooe,  
If that your ſonne had loued me ſo well,  
Why did he not informe me of the ſame?

*Ca.* Why did he not? what haue you clean forgot  
What ample proſers he did make to you,  
When hand to hand he did encounter you?

*Iphi.* No worthy ſir, I haue not it forgot,  
But *Cupid* cannot enter in the breſt,  
Where *Mars* before had tooke poſſeſſion:  
That was no time to talke of *Venus* games,  
When all our fellowes were preſſed in the warres.

*Cari.* Well, let that paſſe, now canſt thou be con-  
To loue *Alphonſus*, and become his ſpouſe? (tent

*Iphi.* I if the high *Alphonſus* could vouchſafe  
To entertaine me as his wedded ſpouſe.

*Alphon.* If that he could? what doſt thou doubt of  
*Iaſon* did iet when as he had obtaynd, (that  
The golden fleece by wiſe *Medeas* art,  
The Greekes reioyced when they had ſubdued  
The famous bulwarkes of moſt ſtately *Troy*,  
But all their mirth was nothing in reſpect  
Of this my ioy, ſince that I now haue got,  
That which I long deſired in my heart.

*Ca.* But what ſayes *Fauſta* to her daughters choice?

*Fan.* *Fauſta* doth ſay, the Gods haue bin her friends  
To let her liue to ſee *Iphigina*  
Beſtowed ſo vnto her hearts content.

*Alphon.*



of *Alphonfus*.

*Alphon.* Thankes mightie Empresse for your gentlenes;  
And if *Alphonfus* can at any time  
With all his power requite this curtesie,  
You shall perceiue how kindly he doth take  
Your forwardnesse in this his happie chance.

*Cari. Albinus* go call forth *Amuracke*,  
Weele see what he doth say vnto this match.

*Exit Albinus, bring forth Amuracke.*

Most mightie Turke, I with my warlike sonne  
*Alphonfus*, loathing that so great a Prince  
As you should liue in such vnseemly sort,  
Haue sent for you to profer life or death:  
Life, if you do consent to our demand,  
And death if that you dare gainsay the same;  
Your wife, high *Fausta*, with *Iphigina*,  
Haue giuen consent that this my warlike sonne  
Should haue your daughter for his bedfellow,  
Now resteth nought but that you do agree,  
And so to purchase sure tranquillitie.

*Amu.* Now *Amurack* aduise thee what thou sayest,  
Bethinke thee well what answere thou wilt make:  
Thy life and death dependeth on thy words,  
If thou denie to be *Alphonfus* fire,  
Death is thy share: but if that thou consent,  
Thy life is sau'd, consent? nay rather die.  
Should I consent to giue *Iphigina*  
Into the hands of such a beggers brat?  
What *Amuracke* thou dost deceiue thy selfe,  
*Alphonfus* is the sonne vnto a King:  
What then? the worthy of thy daughters loue  
She is agreed, and *Fausta* is content:  
Then *Amuracke* will not be discontent.

*Take Iphigina by the hand, giue her to Alphonfus.*

*The Comickall Historie*

Heere braue *Alphonfus*, take thou at my hand,  
*Iphigina*, I giue her vnto thee:

And for her dowrie, when her father die,  
Thou shalt possesse the Turkish Emperie.  
Take her I say, and liue King *Nestors* yeeres,  
So would the Turke and all his Noble Peeres.

*Alphon.* Immortall thanks I giue vnto your grace.

*Cari.* Now worthy Princes, since by helpe of *Ioue*  
On either side the wedding is decreed,  
Come let vs wend to *Naples* speedily,  
For to solemnize it with mirth and glee.

*Amu.* As you do will, we ioyntly do agree.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Venus with the Muses, and say.*

*Ve.* Now worthy *Muses* with vnwilling mind,  
*Venus* is forst to trudge to heauens againe:  
For *Iuppiter* that God of peerles power,  
Proclaimed hath a solemne festiuall,  
In honour of dame *Danaes* luckles death:  
Vnto the which, in paine of his displeasure  
He hath inuited all the immortall Gods  
And Goddeses, so that I must be there,  
Vnlesse I will his high displeasure beare:  
You see *Alphonfus* hath with much ado,  
At length obtaind fayre *Iphigina*  
Of *Amuracke* her father, for his wife.  
Who now are going to the Temple wards,  
For to performe dame *Iuno*s sacred rites,  
Where we will leaue them till the feast be done:  
Which in the heauens by this time is begun,

Meane



*of Alphonsus.*

Meane time deare *Muses*, wander you not farre  
Foorth of the path of high *Pernassus* hill:  
That when I come to finish vp his life,  
You may be readie for to succour me.  
Adieu deare dames, farwell *Calliope*.

*Exit Venus.* Or if you can conueniently, let a chaire come downe  
from the top of the stage, and draw her vp.

*Calli.* Adieu you sacred Goddess of the skie,  
Well louing sisters, since that she is gone,  
Come let vs haste vnto *Pernassus* hill,  
As *Citherea* did lately will.

*Melpom.* Then make you haste her mind for to fulfill.

*Exeunt omnes, playing on their Instruments.*

**F I N I S.**